

The Poet's Corner.

LIFE TOYS.

(From *The Pall Mall Gazette*)
My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes, And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise, Having my law the seventh time disobeyed, I struck him and dismissed With harsh words and unkindness— His mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed;

But found him slumbering deep, With darkened eyelids and their lashes yet From his late sobbing wet. And I, with moan, Kissing away his tears, left others of my own; For on a table drawn beside his head, He had put, within his reach, A box of counters and a red-seined stone, A piece of glass, abraded by the beach, And six or seven shells, A bottle with blue bells, And two French copper coins, ranged them with careful art, To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I prayed To God, I wept and said: "Ah, when at last we lie with tranquill breath,

Not waxing thee in death, And thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys, How weakly understood Thy great commanded good, Then, fatherly, not less Than I, whom thou hast moulded from the clay." Then it leave thy wrath and say,

"I will be sorry for their childishness."

SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors:
I am one of hundreds of men in New York who at this season of the year come home to an empty house, the wife and children having been sent out of the city to escape the hot weather.

The curtains have been taken down from doors and windows, and carefully put away in dark closets that smell strongly of camphor and other things that are supposed to make even a rash moth scratch his head and think twice before venturing into their dark-and-sacred precincts.

The carpets, likewise, have been taken up and everything made as cool and comfortable as possible for the poor fellow who must stay at home alone, with full swing of six or seven rooms, a bath-tub, and plenty of croton water.

It is rather lonely in the evening, but then a man consoles himself with the thought that the little wife will come home in September, looking as she used to when he walked home with her from evening meetings, for we come from the country, where two young persons used to lean on the front gate and talk of—well, the weather and other things. The children, also, will be fat from an abundance of green apples and fresh milk.

One evening last week I noticed in the paper that there was to be music in Tompkins Square and concluded to walk over there to see the crowds and hear the band play. For those of your readers who are not familiar with the East side, let me say that Tompkins Square is a large park, bounded by 7th and 10th streets and Avenues A. and B. It is in the centre of an immense tenement population, which is chiefly German.

The Band Stand is built in a large basin originally intended for a fountain, but which in the memory of man has not spouted aught but music. The Park seats, arranged around the circle in three rows, were packed in a way to have gladdened the heart of a horse-car or "L" road manager. Back of the seats the crowd was four deep. A hasty count showed some 2,000 people about the stand while as many more were within the sound of the music.

The first number on the program was the "Star Spangled Banner." Then came a processional hymn, by Bach, and an overture to some light opera. Faure's sacred song "Palm Branches," followed, the solo being beautifully played by the baritone horn with an obligato accompaniment by the full band. The next number was a series of selections from Wagner's "Taunhauser." This was followed by a remarkably clever solo on the xylophone which received a well deserved encore. There were other numbers on the program of about the same standard that I did not hear.

The music was well rendered but selections were too heavy for the time and place. The audience for the most part listened attentively and applauded with discrimination.

Entire families were present, from the grandmother down. I noticed one woman with two children in her arms of perhaps one and two years of age, while tightly clinging to her dress were two more a little older. A man, who from appearances I took to be a coal cart driver, stood a little distance from me for nearly a half hour listening most intently.

The young girl with her "feller" was also out in force, but these seemed to find more pleasure in the sound of their own voices than in the music. It really was pitiful to listen to the utter emptiness of the conversation of these young men and women.

The "rough" was there of course,

but so were the "sparrows," as the Park police are called, and in goody numbers. They had, however, little or nothing to do. The good order was noticeable.

As I turned my steps homeward I felt that a pleasant and profitable evening had been spent in watching the enjoyment of those whose sources of enjoyment are so few and limited.

Eupoppy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, must have it to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. The results of thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions, will give you good Digestion and cure the demon Dyspepsia and instill instead Eupoppy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at \$1 per bottle by G. W. Wood, Druggist.

ROYAL SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

Annual Report to the Legislature as required by law, of the affairs and condition of the Bloomfield Savings Institution, January 1, 1889.

ASSETS.
Bonds and Mortgages \$90,500.00
U. S. Bonds (market value) 19,500.00
Interest due and accrued 2,480.75
Cash on Hand and in Bank 16,928.85
\$129,409.60

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors including interest to date \$117,899.94

Surplus \$11,509.66

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July and Oct. bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

JONATHAN W. POTTER, President.
THOMAS C. DODD, Treasurer.

The Largest Fancy Goods House in New Jersey.

STORMING THE BASTILLE.

That grim fortress had for ages been identified with despotism, and had grown hateful with the slightest instinct of justice and freedom. On the 14th of July, 1789, it was built, during the Fourteenth century, by order of Charles V, surnamed the Wise, by Hugo Aubriot, provost of that capital, at the gate St. Antoine as a defense against the English. When employed long afterwards as a prison, it was filled with such great wrongs and miseries. On each of its lower sides, it had four towers five stories high, above which ran a gallery armed with cannon. The prisons were situated partly in those towers, and partly below the level of the ground. The walls were seven feet thick, and, in some instances, all trace of them was lost as well as the cause of their incarceration. The Bastille would hold seventy or eighty prisoners, who were generally persons of distinction, noblemen, officers, priests, prelates, and scholars. They had committed no crime; they were usually shut up for political or ecclesiastic reasons, from the caprice of tyrants or the hostility of private foes.

During the last century the prison had a garrison of royal troops, a surgeon, with a garrison of a hundred men. The walls were thirty to forty feet at the base, and twelve feet thick above. Each cell had a narrow aperture in the wall, protected by thick iron gratings. The subterranean dungeons were five feet below the ground, the floor of the towers six feet deep, and connected by a small loophole therewith. The unhappy wretches confined there had little food, and that the coarsest, in consequence of the dishonesty of the governor, who was liberally paid by the king. They were locked up without accusation or trial; they were allowed no communication with their friends, a mere letter being dashed serving for their arrest and detention any length of time. They were, in a sense, the galley-slaves of the fifteenth century, the wretches who, to be better fed by the princess of Aragon, broke into the towers of the Armagnac, left over from the death of Louis XIV, dying at last in his vigilantly guarded cell. To this day his vigilantly guarded cell. To this day his identity has not been discovered. The existence of such a person has been repeatedly denied; but recent researches have left no doubt of it.

OUR LOSS

Will Be

The Purchaser's Gain.

If there is anything you can use from our many lines, this month presents an opportunity for the securing of such with a saving that will more than repay the journey's cost, as in our efforts to clear out all of this season's goods no thought has been given to the loss that is entailed thereby, so long as we can successfully attain our object.

RELEASING THE BASTILLE.

Remnants and Odds and Ends of Every Description,

At prices that must affect a ready sale.

THE BEE HIVE.

Month of August.

We will place on our Counters the balance of

ALL SUMMER GOODS

ALSO

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST FOR STOCKINGS.

For Sale in Newark, N. J.

Examinations for Admissions to the 16th and 17th of September.

Full Course of Studies preparatory to Colleges and Schools of Science.

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